

THE  
**Chap-Book**  
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for December 1, 1894

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## RONDEL

THIS place is as a nether world  
 Where Time and Life are conquered kings.  
 Each ghostly tree in mist shroud curled,  
 Its great gaunt arms in wild mirth flings,  
 And in my brain a fancy springs—  
 "I, too, am dead—the earth scroll furled—  
 This place is as a nether world  
 Where Time and Life are conquered kings!"  
 There is naught real. The moon is swirled  
 In clouds which meet the mist wreath's rings,  
 The mist itself, by ghost winds whirled,  
 More real than aught to which it clings.  
 This place is as a nether world  
 Where Time and Life are conquered kings.

L. HEREWARD.

## MR. BRADLEY'S DRAWINGS.



ONCE upon a time, a stove company gave an artist his own way. The performance was memorable for two reasons. In the first place, it was an unheard of occurrence—for artists are merely slaves in the eyes of a stove company—and secondly, it gave the artist the first opportunity for expressing himself. The result—as might have been guessed—



THE SKIRT DANCE

WILL H. BRADLEY

was a happy one. The artist's work was better than any thing he had done before and the stove company's advertisement was unusually attractive.

That was the beginning—three or four years ago. Since then things have mightily improved. And now, where he is known at all, Mr. Will H. Bradley is recognized as one of the cleverest decorative artists we have.

Unfortunately, in this country, no such attention is paid to the study of decoration as in England; we have no schools like South Kensington and Manchester and the Handicraft Guild, and we have no masters like Housman and Ricketts, Gaskin and Gere, Horne and Image, Morris and Walter Crane.

When, therefore, a man of us does good work and shows a feeling for decoration, his achievements become noteworthy. And on this score, Mr. Bradley is deserving of great praise. A man of slight training, he has come to a prominent place from his splendid sense of the value of black and white. His use of black has always been his strong point; he has massed it deliberately and wisely; his work has been knowing, and it is always self-conscious. It is artistically artificial. It is never accidental.

From the day he made the decorations for the stove company until he drew the pictures reproduced in this number of *THE CHAP-BOOK* he has religiously devoted himself to black and has developed a manner all his own.

So far, little of his work has appeared in a place to attract general attention. He has done several things for *Vogue*—pleasant bits of black, borders, head-pieces and the like—quite unlike what anyone else does—and interesting for that reason.

He has also designed a number of covers for *The Inland Printer*, two of which are here reproduced. They are clever things and unusual. The July cover is, on the whole, one

of the best things he has done; the conception is good and the treatment splendid. The blacks reflected in the waters are very decorative and the water flowers are beautiful.

The September cover, too, is a pretty thing—quite different in manner, although of similar suggestion.

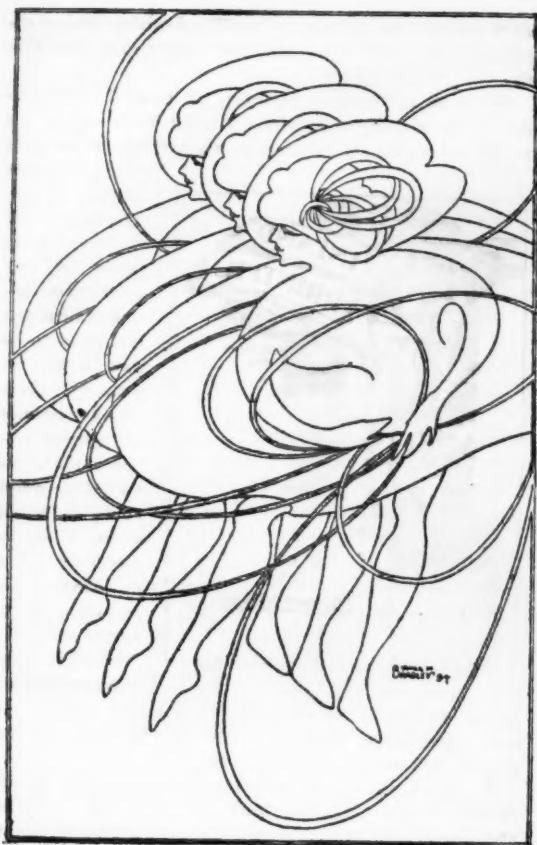
In his design for the Thanksgiving issue, Mr. Bradley has taken motives as old as the hills and has so treated them

that they are intensely new. With merely a group of turkeys and some celery tips for materials, he has made a really beautiful cover—done in light lines and sweeping curves. The turkeys are decorative, the celery is very graceful; the whole drawing conclusively idealistic. It is an excellent ex-



pression of the season's characteristics.

It is not, however, for his work in *Vogue* or the *Inland Printer* that one chooses to praise Mr. Bradley most: it is rather for the promise of good things to come which these drawings give. They fill one with the idea that Mr. Bradley is only feeling about in search of his best line; they con-



THE BALLET

WILL H. BRADLEY

vince one that he has ideas—the Thanksgiving design, especially is full of thought—and they suggest great possibilities.

Of late he has made a beginning in posters. His wisdom in the massing of colours, the inevitable beauty of his curves and his taste in placing the right thing in the right

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place give him a peculiar advantage in this sort of work. The design for THE CHAP-BOOK announcement was very good in its way: it had no meaning; there was no attempt at appropriateness in the inclusion of the weird young ladies and it was distinctly grotesque — but it answered its purposes — it attracted attention. And there were

some pleasant things about it. The red chrysanthemums on the red ground are very cleverly done; the red decorations appearing in place of hair are nicely shaped and the general colour scheme is charming.

Another poster design—but recently finished and not yet on view—is to advertise Mr. Frohman's production of "The Masqueraders." It is an enormous thing, absolutely unlike





THE SERPENTINE DANCE

WILL H. BRADLEY

any show bill ever seen before, and far and away the best thing we have had in this country. It will give Mr. Bradley a broader reputation and a better position than he has occupied as yet, and it will justify comparison with such men as Dudley Hardy, Eugene Grasset, Lautrec, and Chéret.

The instinctively perfect sense of the proper disposition of things is the secret of his success. He arranges his lines and his masses with innate skill. He is not unerring, but there is a beautiful predominance of conscious correctness in his work. No one knows better than he wherein lie his mistakes—his weak points—and as time goes on and he develops—as he learns better drawing and has greater opportunities—there is every reason to believe in his ultimate mastery.

H. S. S.



## THE NIGHT WASHERS

W<sup>H</sup>E—ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!  
We are the brothers of ghouls, and who  
In the name of the Crooked Saints are you?

We are the washers of shrouds wherein  
The lovers of beauty who sainted sin  
Sleep till the Judgment Day begin.

When the moon is drifting overhead,  
We wash the linen of the dead,  
Stained with yellow and stiff with red.

Whe—ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh !  
We are the foul night washers, and who  
By the seven lovely sins are you ?

Here we sit by the river reeds,  
Rinsing the linen that reeks and bleeds,  
And craving the help our labor needs.

Come, Sir Fop, fall to, fall to !  
Show us for once what you can do !  
One day there'll be washing enough for you.

Wade in, wade in, where the river runs  
Clear in the moonlight over the stones !  
It'll wash the ache from your scrofulous bones.

Whe—ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh !  
We are the gossips of fame, and who  
By the Sinners' Litany are you ?

Wade in, wade in ! The water is cold,  
The stains are deep and the linen is old;  
But surely the sons of the town are bold !

Work for us here till the break of day  
At washing the stains of the dead away,  
And you shall be merry, come what may !

From now till your ninetieth year begins,  
You shall sin the seven lovely sins,  
While wearing the virtue a cardinal wins.

Refuse, and your arms shall be broken and wried,  
To dangle like fenders over the side  
Of an empty ship on the harbor tide !

They shall gather a waist in their grip no more,  
As you wander the wide world over and o'er,  
With the curs at your heels from door to door.

With only a stranger to cover your face,  
You shall die in the streets of an outcast race,  
And your linen be washed in the market place.

Whe—ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!  
We are the Scavenger Saints, but who  
In the name of the Shadowy Kin, are you!

BLISS CARMAN.



## THE ABOLITION OF MONEY

THE cynic yawned obtrusively, and growled: "Money must be abolished. The root of all evil must be pulled up." "Money abolished!" I echoed in amaze. "Why, any student of political economy will tell you we could not live without it. Lacking a common measure of value, we——"

"So it has always been held by students when answering political economy papers," he interrupted impatiently. "Yet I dreamt once of a land where the currency was called in, and the morning stars sang together."

"But the exchange of commodities——" I began.

"Was effected by the sublime simplicity of barter. At one sweep were swept away all that monstrous credit system which has created an army of accountants and a Court of Banruptcy; all that chaos of signatures—all those paper phantoms of capital. The Stock Exchange and other gambling hells shrivelled up. There was a vast saving of

clerical labour, and there were few loopholes for fraud. Everything was too simple. Swift retribution overtook the man who shirked his obligations to his fellows. Nobody could juggle with bits of paper at the North Pole, and ruin people at the South. The windows of Human Society were cleared of the gigantic complex cobweb full of dead flies. One could look inside and see what was going on. 'Gentlemen' could not flourish in the light. They were like the fungi that grew in cellars. Every man became both a worker and a trader."

"Not an unmixed gain, that," I protested.

"I grant you," said the Cynic. "Some of the finer shades of fine gentlemanliness were lost; the honourable feeling of cheating one's tradesmen, the noble scorn of tailors, the lofty despal of duns. When all men were tradesmen, these higher class distinctions fused into one another. There arose a clannish feeling which prevented the tradesman from defrauding one of his own class. But there was an even graver evil to be placed to the debit side of the new system. For the professors of political economy (who had thrown up their posts as a conscientious protest against the abolition of money and salaries) proved to be right. So clumsy was the mechanism of exchange that men were actually driven to doing more than one kind of work. All those advantages of specialisation which Adam Smith, supplemented by Babbage, had so laboriously pointed out were completely lost to a wasteful world. Rather than be without certain luxuries and necessities men gave up moving their legs all day up and down in time with iron treadles, or feeding machines with bits of material exactly alike, or remaining doubled up underground, or making marks from hour to hour and from year to year on pieces of ruled paper. The waste by friction became enormous. Some of the least thrifty even made their own furniture, and wove their own

clothes, and carved out rude ornaments for themselves. Whether from a natural want of economy, or from an unwillingness to encounter the difficulties of traffic, or from a mere spirit of independence, these men deliberately reverted to the condition from which mankind had so painfully emerged.

Some even pretended to enjoy it, and, rather paradoxically, asserted that the abolition of gold had brought about the golden age of primitive legend. Others who felt keenly the falling off in production, and the absence of those huge stores of unsold commodities which glutted the ancient markets, and gave a nation a sense of wealth in the midst of poverty; the æsthetic spirits who lamented the disappearance of the ancient mansions and palaces, which, although they were empty three parts of the year, yet afforded men the consolation of knowing that they were ample enough to shelter the majority of the homeless—men of this stamp were chagrined by the cumbersome mechanism of exchange, which made these glories of the past impracticable, and they were for introducing counters. But counters, although they had the advantage of lacking intrinsic value, would be quite as bad as actual coins if men could entirely trust one another never to repudiate their obligations. Unfortunately Society had grown so honest under the new régime that this condition was fulfilled, and the operation of counters would have been identical with that of money. Moreover, counters would have brought back card-playing, horse-racing, fire and life assurance, and other forms of gambling, which without them involved such complex calculations and valuations of loaves and fishes that all the pleasure was spoilt. When these things were pointed out to the æsthetic and the economical, they were convinced and remained of the same opinion.

“But even with all these deficits the balance in favour of

the *status quo* was eminently satisfactory. It was re-discovered that man really wanted very little here below, and that it was better for all to get than for some to continue to want it; and taking into account also the general freedom from war, newspapers, and other evils of a moneyed civilisation, it must be conceded that the common people had very little to grumble at."

"But what of the uncommon people?" I interrupted at last. "They must have been martyred."

"Certainly, for the good of the common people. You see, everything was topsy-turvy. Besides, they only suffered during the earlier stages of transition. There was, for instance, the poet who went round among the workmen to chaffer verses. But there were few willing to barter solid goods for poetry. Here and there an intelligent artisan in love purchased a serenade, and an occasional lunatic (for Nature hath her aberrations under any system) became the proprietor of an epic. But the sons of toil drove few bargains or hard with the sons of the Muses. The best poets fared worst, for the crowd sympathised not with their temper, nor with their diction, and they were like to die of starvation and so achieve speedy recognition. But the minor poets, too, were in sore strait. The market was exceedingly limited. Sellers were many and buyers few. Rondeaux were hawked about from butcher to baker, at ten to the joint or three to the four-pound loaf, and triolets were going at a hollow-toothful of brands. A ballade-worth of butter would hardly cover a luncheon biscuit, while a five-act blank verse tragedy was given away for a pound of tea, and that only when the characters were incestuous and the *cæsuras* irreproachable.

"A famous female poet was reduced to pawning her best sonnet for a glass of lemonade and a bun.

"Times were no less hard for the comic writer. Hitherto

he had only to outrage his mother-tongue, or to debase the moral currency, to find the land ready to accord him the fat thereof. He used to sit in a room in Fleet Street and make or steal jokes in return for gold. By the wonderful mechanism of the old Society other men and women, in whatever part of the world he might stray, would rush to feed and clothe and house him, and play and sing and dance to him, and physic him, and drive him about in carriages, and tell him the news and shave him, and press upon him the aromatic mixtures to smoke, and love him, and kowtow to him, and beg of him, and even laugh at his jokes, all in return for making or stealing jokes in Fleet street. Some of these men and women detest jokes, or have a blindness to their points; nevertheless, not one but would be eager to express in the most practical form his or her senses of the services rendered to society by the joker. But now that people saw with open eyes through the transparent mechanism of exchange they were extremely loath to part with their tangible commodities in return for mere flashes of wit and vulgarity. Previously they had only half realised that they were soberly and seriously making coats, or working machines, or smelting iron, while these jesters were merely cudgelling their brains or consulting back files. The complexity of the thing had disguised the facts. But now that they saw exactly what was going on, they became suddenly callous to numerous vested interests, and their new-found desire to know why they should give up the fruits of their labour pressed very cruelly upon innocent individuals. The comic writer found it no joke to live with 'I'd Rajah not's' going at seventy-five to the cigarette or mockeries of the mother-in-law yielding but a ton of coals to the thousand. Puns were barely vendible, and even comic pictures could only be sold at a great sacrifice of decency.

"The heir was a type of sufferer. When he came around



asking for champagne and chicken, the working-man said, 'What are you offering us in exchange?' and he replied, 'My relationship to my father.' But they would not buy.

"Antiquarians and scholars, too, found it a hard task to live. No one needed the things they raked up from the dust-heap of the past. Critics were in an exceptionally critical condition. No one cared to exchange his productions with a man who in return had only to offer his opinion of somebody else's! As this opinion was usually worthless even under the old régime, people soon began to turn up their noses at it, and nobody would give a rusk for the information that Turner was a better artist than Nature, or that hanging was too good for Whistler. Remarks about the Italian Renaissance were accounted paltry equivalents for green peas, invidious comparisons among the Lake poets were not easily negotiable for alpaca umbrellas, and the subtlest misreadings of Shakespeare were considered trivial substitutes for small-clothes. The artists were reduced to borrowing half-rolls from their models, partly because people had gone back to Nature and liked their scenery free from oil and drank in the Spirit of Beauty without water, and partly because it was so difficult to assess the value of a picture now that critics had been starved out and speculation had died away. Allegorical painters continued a much-misunderstood race, and the fusion of classes had re-acted fatally on the brisk trade in 'Portraits of a Gentlemen.' People who, in their celestial aspirations after the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, had forgotten that they ate and drank and required food, warmth, and shelter to hatch all these sublime things with Capital Letters—people who had heretofore poured lofty scorn on those who could not forget that man was a being with a body—these were now the most clamant demanders of the material. Only by the withdrawal of physical necessities and luxuries did they come to realise

how much they had depended on such or to perceive the impossibility of the Worship of Truth on an empty stomach. Alas! under this crude system of barter the most ardent expression of their sentiments concerning the ideal and the *Kalekagathon* would not keep them in cigars. The professional paradoxist went about with holes in his boots. Epigrams in hand, sickness at heart, and emptiness at stomach, he crawled through the town in search of a buyer. He offered a dozen of the choicest apothegms for a pair of hob-nailed boots, conjuring the cobbler like the veriest 'commercial' to note the superiority of the manufacture. He pointed out that he travelled with the latest novelties in Impressionist Ethics, perfect unfitness guaranteed. He even offered to make a reduction if the cobbler would take a quantity. The worthy craftsman, stung by the prospect of a cheap job lot of epigrams, was prevailed upon to look at the goods. But when he read that 'Vice is the foundation of all virtue,' that 'Self-sacrifice is the quintessence of selfishness,' and that 'The Good of Evil outweighs the Evil of Good,' he felt that he could do much better with his boots, even if he only employed them to kick the epigrammatist. The poor wretch thought himself lucky when he succeeded in purchasing two epigramsworth of tobacco and a paradoxworth of potatoes. To cap his misfortune, the nation suffered from a sudden invasion of immigrant epigrammatists, so that cynicisms went a-begging at ten for a sausage-roll. Nor was the dull but moral maxim at less discount than the witty but improper epigram. Essays inculcating the most superior virtues failed to counterbalance a day's charring, and the finest spiritualistic soft soap would not wash clothes. Even the washerwoman deemed her work more real and valuable than the manufacture of moralities too fine for use, and the deliberate effusion of sentiments too good to be true. In those days, too, a complete political platform,

comprising a score of first-class articles of faith, sold at a pair of second-hand slop-trousers, and a speech of three hours and three hundred parentheses could not fetch more than a pot of jam in the open market. The workhouses were crowded with politicians, critics, poets, novelists, bishops, sporting tipsters, scholars, heirs, soldiers, dudes, painters, journalists, peers, bookmakers, landlords, punsters, idealists, and other incorrigible persons. Nothing was more curious and heartrending in the history of this transition to a new stage than the rapidity with which those who had been most exigent towards life bated their terms. Men who, in their aspirations after the Good and the Beautiful and the True, had unwittingly wasted an intolerable deal of the world's substance in riotous idealising; men who had so long breathed the atmosphere of ottomans and rose-leaves that they were barely conscious of their privileges, now found themselves clamouring for bread wherewith to stay the cravings of their inner selves, and accounted themselves happy if they found a roof to shelter them. The pathos of it was that they felt it all too intensely to see the pathos of it or to express it in poem, picture, or song.

"It was, of course, the current political economy to which was due this immense depreciation in the exchange value of the higher kinds of intellectual and artistic work. In the old Socialistic system which had been swept away by the abolition of money, men had purchased literary and musical commodities in common, each consumer paying his quota for his share of an unconsumable and infinitely divisible whole. But now few individuals cared or could afford to purchase whole works for their private edification; and so it came to pass that men of talent suffered as much as men of genius in the olden days. And when it began to be understood of the people that the times were other, and that Art and Letters and Apostleship would not pay, men

turned in resignation to work with the hands, and they made all kinds of useful things.

"And the bookmakers returned not to their pens, nor the pot-boiling painters to their palettes, nor the apostles to their prophesying, being otherwise engaged and not thereto driven by inward necessity.

"And the Society of Authors perished!"

"But the great poets, and the prophets, and the workers in colour and form, upon whom the spirit rested, these wrought on when their daily labour for a livelihood was at an end, for joy of their art and for the religious fire that was in them, giving freely of their best to their fellow-men, and exempt for evermore from all taint of trade."

The Cynic paused and I sat silent, deeply impressed by what he had said, and striving to imprint every word of it upon my memory so that I might sell it to a magazine.

I. ZANGWILL.



## CREATION

**A**EONS of time, infinite space,  
Blackness and chaos interlace.  
Sudden, a streak of light shot through—  
On a pin-head of earth, a red cock crew.

ELEANOR B. CALDWELL.



## THE LAND OF THE STRADDLE-BUG

### CHAPTER II.

BLANCHE rose to a strange and wonderful day—a busy day. The breakfast she cooked in the early dawn. Rivers helped her by bringing water and building the fire. He was full of life and humor and exerted himself to please her.

He called her out to see the sun-rise. Flights of geese passed and the noise of ducks came to them as they stood there. He pointed out a solemn row of sandhill cranes down by the swale. He made her see the wonder and beauty of the morning more clearly than ever before in her life.

After breakfast Bailey and Burke left "the Moggason Ranche" (as Bailey called the store and shanty) to carry the lumber and furniture belonging to Burke to his claim two or three miles away. Rivers remained to work in the store and to meet some other land-seekers and Mrs. Burke remained to get dinner.

Burke and Bailey returned at noon to dinner.

"Mrs. Burke, you can sleep in your own ranch to-night," said Bailey.

"I guess it will be a ranch."

"It'll be new," her husband said, with a timid smile.

After dinner she straightened things up a little and said: "Well, there, Mr. Rivers. *You'll* have to take care o' things now."

Rivers leered comically at his partner. "Bailey, I didn't know what we needed before. We need a woman."

Bailey smiled. "Go get one. Don't ask a clumsy old farmer like me."

"I'll do it to-morrow," said Rivers, with a droll inflection. They all laughed, and Burke chuckled at the team.

They left the ranch and struck out over the prairie where no wagon wheel but theirs had ever passed. Here were the buffalo trails, deep-worn ruts running from northwest to southeast. Here lay white bones in shining crates, ghostly on the fire-blackened sod. Beside the shallow pools they lay in heapss. Everywhere signs of the swarming life which once swept two and fro from north to south.

A few antelope scurried away out of their path and wolves sat on heights and gravely watched them as if marvelling at their coming. The wind swept out of the west clear and cold. The sky held no shred of cloud. The air was like some all-powerful intoxicant, and when Bailey pointed out a row of little stakes and said, "there's the railroad," their imaginations supplied the trains, the wheat, the houses, the towns which were to come

Blanche sat on a box and watched the two men as they swiftly built the little cabin which was to be their home. It was nine by sixteen, because the boards were of that length. Their hammers rang merrily and soon Blanche was permitted go inside and look up at the great sky which roofed it in. It was a wonderful moment to her. She sat there listening to the sound of the hammers that were building this fragile shelter around her and a great awe fell upon her. It seemed as if she had drawn a little nearer to the Almighty Creator of the universe. The roof grew over her head and the floor under her feet. The stove came in and the flour barrel and the few household articles they had brought, and as the sun was setting Howard and Bailey entered and sat down to supper in the new home.

The smell of the fresh pine was round them. Geese were flying over. Cranes were dancing down by the ponds, prairie chickens were *booming*. The open door-way (doorless yet) looked out on the sea-like plain glorified by the

red sun just sinking over the purple line of treeless hills to the west.

After Bailey left them the husband and wife sat in silence. When they spoke it was in low voices. It was as if God could hear what they said. That He was just there behind the western glory.

\* \* \*

Thereafter the plain thickened daily with life. Every day the land-seekers swarmed about asking for food and shelter and so Blanche went down each day and cooked at Bailey's ranch, returning each night.

Everybody came to take claims. Old men, alone and feeble. School teachers from the east. Young girls from the towns of the older counties. Boys not yet of age. Every where they set stakes upon the green and beautiful sod.

Each day the grass grew more velvety soft. Each day the sky grew warmer and more genial. The snow disappeared from the ravines. The ice broke up on the Moggason, the ponds disappeared. Plover came with wailing cry. Buffalo birds, prairie pigeons, larks, blackbirds, sparrows, joined their voices to those of the cranes and geese and ducks and the plain piped and twittered and clacked and chuckled with life. The gopher came out of his winter quarters, the foxes barked, the skunk hobbled along the ravines and the badger raised mounds of fresh soil as if to aid the boomer by showing how deep the black loam was.

Everybody whistled and sang and shouted and toiled—toiled terribly—and yet it did not seem like toil. They sank wells and plowed gardens and built barns and planted seeds, and yet it seemed like a great pleasure party. It seemed as if no one needed to work, and therefore those first months were months of enormous progress.

It was the most beautiful spring Blanche and Howard had spent since their marriage nine years before. Blanche for-

got to be petulant or moody. She was like a girl of eighteen again.

She laughed heartily when Rivers came over one afternoon and said:

"Burke, I want to borrow your cook. We've got a lot o' tenderfeet over there to-night and I'm a little shy of Bailey's biscuits."

"All right, only bring her back."

Blanche colored a little. "No danger o' that."

"Better go 'long and make sure," replied Rivers.

"All right. I'll come over in time for supper." Burke's simple good face glowed with enjoyment of the fun. And he smilingly went back to beating his plow-share with hammer and wedge, as Rivers drove away with Blanche.

The clink of his hammer rang through the golden light that flooded the prairie. It beat time to his whistled song.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





## NOTES

For several years Stéphane Mallarmé has been in the habit of addressing his letters to friends in quatrain form. With perhaps a complimentary phrase, he would work in the friend's name and the street and number and, curiously enough, the letters have always reached their destination. He has collected a number of these quatrains and under the title, "Les Loisirs de la Poste," they will be published in the next number of *THE CHAP-BOOK*. In a note accompanying them, M. Mallarmé says that the publication is solely in honor of the postal authorities, and one is inclined to grant them all credit when it is remembered that M. Mallarmé is by no means the simplest of the symbolists, and that symbolist French at best is nearly impossible.

•  
To E. F.

I know a western hickory,  
Of outside weather-brown and rough:  
But all within that firm-set tree  
Is clearest fibre, white and tough.  
And stuff is there for shaft or bow,  
For sturdy helve or stubborn bar,  
Fair carving will it take and show  
How fine and firm its secrets are.

I know a singer in the West,  
And songs he sings in many a key,  
And childhood is the strain that best  
Becomes his cunning minstrelsy.  
Minor and merry chords are there,  
And smiles and tears his measures yield:  
But, strong or tender, everywhere  
He is himself. His name is ———.

A word of praise is due to Mr. George H. Richmond, of New York, for the very good taste he has shown in the manufacture of three books,—translations from George Sand. It is a pleasure to find such pretty volumes and, coming from one whose name is not often seen on a title page, they are made the more noteworthy. The selection of type was excellent, considering the text; the printing was done at the De Vinne Press and the paper is very good, although stiffer than I like it. The binding is attractive and not one man in a thousand knows the Grolier Club book which inspired it. The work is altogether remarkably good. In fact, I have nothing but praise for Mr. Richmond's achievement, and I shall hope to see more volumes appear over his name.

In his *Confessions*, now appearing in what the *Nation* properly calls "that unspeakable" *Fin de Siecle*, Paul Verlaine tells some interesting things about his early days. It was in his fourteenth year that the literary man, the poet, as he says, was born in him. The first things he read,—the very first, aside from classical and obscene volumes—were: *Gamiani*, *L'Enfer de Joseph Prudhomme*, *l'Examen de Flora*, *Piron*—or to give their better known name, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, first edition.

"Il va sans dire," he writes, "que j'a n'avais aucune idée de cette poésie si éloignée de mon âge, nourri, aussi bien, de plus sages 'morceaux choisis.' Même le titre fut pour moi longtemps fermé et j'avais dévoré le bouquin sans y comprendre rien sinon que ça parlait de 'perversités' (comme on dit dans les pensionnats de jeunes demoiselles) et de . . . nudités parfois, double attrait pour ma jeune 'corruption,'—et j'étais fermement persuadé que le livre s'appelait tout bonnement: *Les Fleurs de Mai*."

"Quoiqu'il en soit, Baudelaire eut à ce moment, sur moi, une influence tout au moins d'imitation enfantine et tout ce que vous voudrez de cette gamme, mais une influence réelle et qui ne pouvait que grandir et, alors, s'élucider, se logifier avec le temps."

Verlaine is getting well along in years now; he has lived through many generations and and he has known most of the literary men of France. His story is a remarkable one, —probably, I trust, without parallel—and yet full of pathetic attraction from the very ingenuousness of the old sinner. It is a pity that these memorials of his lifetime could not have been properly written, in the first place, and properly published, in the second. Yet, as they stand, they are perhaps more honest than they could ever be in a better form and there is a consistency in their appearance in a hopelessly immoral paper. And, after all, they are full of interest. They are rudely done and scattering; merely notes—but the notes of a lifetime filled with experiences.

I have seen the announcement of the new Rossetti book—the most important contribution yet published to the biography of Dante Gabriel Rossetti—now in preparation and likely to be issued at a not very distant date by Messrs. Ellis & Elvey, the publishers of the "Collected Works" and other volumes. The book will consist of two sections:

1. A memoir of some considerable length, on which his brother, William Michael Rossetti, is now actively engaged.
2. Dante Rossetti's family letters, from his boyhood to the latest months of his life. These letters are addressed to seven relatives, principally his mother and brother, and are fully annotated by the latter, so as to explain collateral details and allusions. There will be nine portraits in the volume. Eight of these are from paintings or drawings done by Dante Rossetti, and represent himself and the seven per-

sons addressed. The ninth is a portrait of his wife (Miss Siddal), her own production. Mr. William Rossetti put together and annotated these letters very soon after the death of his brother in April, 1882. At that time a friend, highly qualified for the task, undertook to write the memoir; but, as his intention has not been carried out, Mr. William Rossetti has now, not without some reluctance, addressed himself to the work.

Speaking of Rossetti suggests an anecdote of him which came out a few years ago: He went one day with a friend for a stroll through the poorer quarters of the town, and was greatly attracted by the shops in Seven Dials. Outside one he saw in a cage a curious round ball of spikes. "What is the price of that?" "Half-a-crown." "Could you get me some more of them?" "Certainly." "Well, let me have twenty to-morrow evening." The retail dealer, whose stock consisted of a few linnets, a chaffinch or two, and four or five staggering larks, looked aghast. Said his friend on the way home, "What on earth did you want with all those hedge-hogs?" "I'll put them in my garden," said Rossetti, "and when fellows come to see my pictures they'll pass through the garden. 'Look at this little round ball,' one of them will say; 'why, it's alive. And here's another! and here's a third! Why the garden is full of them.' And then they'll be in such good spirits at the discovery that they'll buy my pictures."



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